

three-sixty and then some

by Spot's July

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three-sixty and then some

> <meta name="Author"> 360 and then some Hello again, remeber me?
Raven, the bitch form the wrong side of town?
> yeah i thought you would. i guess i'm here to catch you up on whats
been
 happening in my wild and twisted life, so with out further
ado, here you
> have it, completely uncut, my life. <p> I'd been living with the
newsies for six months, it was a peaceful life,
 even if privacy
was something to be disired not received. i was a
> completely different person from the one i had been. same goes for
my
 brother johhny, the squirt's grown up some, like as soon as
we were away
> from Frank, he knew he could be himself, i discovered that my
little
 brother, now known as chugger-due to the fact that at 9,
he can chug more
> saspirilla then race-was a cool kid. we were not the same people we
had
 been and we were reveling in the pure pleasure of the fact.
i was still
> going out with Spot, he'd come down from Brooklyn every few days to
see me
 and we'd have a grand old time.
> <p>

"Raven are you coming or what the papes will be gone by the time we
get
> there" Dutchy yelled up the stairs breaking into my train of
thought, just
 as well i was probably boring you. i ran down the
stairs "i'm heah i'm heah"
> i said grabbing his hat off his head, "why're you in such a rush?"
i asked
 "you wanna go meet georgia" i teased this him.

Dutchy is still my best friend, i wouldn't be surprised if he stays
my best
> friend forever. he was someone who i could talk to and like this
moment in
 time-tease, and watch him turn red with embarrasment,

i know he likes

> Georgia, just like he knows i liked spot, we could laugh about these things
 'ahhh shut up and give me my hat" he said grinnig sheepishly i laughed, i

> was just becoming accustomed to hearing my own laughter, it was a noise i
 never thought i'd know, same goes for chugger, i think i get more joy out of

> hearing that kid laugh then most anything in the world. anyway i threw
 Dutchy his hat back and we walked to the distribution center to buy our

> papes. there were very few newsies still wandering around, we were kinda
 late, but we didn't mind much. i saw Blink and his girlfriend Patch and

> walked over calling out to Dutchy "i'll see you at lunch" then grabbed Patch
 and we headed off. Patch was a good friend of mine, a real pretty girl, the

> type that blink fell for instantly, only difference was he stayed with her
 longer then the two weeks he did all the other girls he met, i was trully

> starting to beleive that his fantisies of the mayors daughter were begining
 to receed.

>

 we walked down the road, talking and laughing doing our regular stuff, which

> basically was nothing. we both worked at Irving hall during the nights
 three times a week, serving drinks and such. we were walking down a back

> alley when i saw someone at the far end. the girl looked so familiar and as
 we got nearer i gasped drawing attention to myself. i was standing 10 feet

> away from my sister. she stood there for a second then turned on her heel
 and ran away. "oh shit" i mumbled. "what?" patch asked "oh shit, i am so

> dead" i started running towards Tibbys praying Dutchy would be there. i ran
 through the door, and stood in the doorway gasping for breath looking around

> frantically. i spotted him in a booth far back in the resturant drinking
 saspirilla and reading the paper. i ran over there still trying not to pass

> out and threw myself in the booth. "raven!" he exclaimed "whats wrong?" i
 couldn't breath, i was panicing, i couldn't move, it was fright, i was

> scared, i was never scared, but i didn't want to go back to frank's it was
 different when i didn't know what i was missing, i couldn't go back, i

> couldn't..."saw someone and took off running" i looked up it was patch,
 she'd followed me and was trying to tell dutchy what was wrong. "raven?,"

> raven?, RAVEN!" he yelled grabbing my shaking hand "who was it, who did you
 see?" i looked at him like i didn't reconize him, 'i wont go back, i wont"

> i whispered feircly "wont go back where?" he asked patiently, i guess cause
 it wasn't every day i flaked out like this "Frank's, Dutchy i wont go back,

> i wont" i was shaking, and i couldn't stop. "Frank?" he asked "your
 father?, why would you have to go back i thought they left NY" he said. "i

> saw jamie dutchy, they're back and she knew it was me...i gotta leave, i
 can't go back, i can't, i wont" he stood up dragging me

with him 'lets go
> to the lodging house" he said. he had to lead me there, i was blind
with
 fright, and for a moment the fear of not seeing took over
the fear of going
> back to that hell hole. i stopped dead in my tracks "chugger!" i
yelled
 "where is he?!" "he's with jack and les" dutchy said
"he's fine, you know
> jack wont let anything happen to him" "right, with cowboy" i said.
why was
 i acting so stupid, everything was fine. and yet i knew,
it wasn't.
>

 we some how made it to the lodging house in one piece. no one
was there yet
> except Kloppman who was in the back and didn't notice us come in.
we went
 upstairs and he sat me down on my bunk, sitting next to
me, still holding my
> hand. "where'd patch go?" i asked feeling dizzy and disoreinted.
"to tell
 medda you wouldn't be there tonight" he said "no" i
said standing up "i have
> to go, i have to, medda's counting on me" "Raven" he said pulling
back into
 a sitting position, "you are in no condition to be
working, now common we
> really need to talk" i looked at him "ok, lets talk" i took a deep
breath,
 trying to calm down, "ok how do you know your family is
back? maybe Jamie
> ran away" "no, jamie is too much of a wuss to run away, besides
frank never
 touched her, only me" i said 'i'm fine now, dutchy,
really i am, i'm sorry
> for flaking on you,...really i'm fine" he didn't beleive me, and i
didn't
 blame him. "your still not working tonight" he said.
"but..."
> "no, you have to stay here where you're safe, at least till we
check it out"
 "ok" i complied "i'll stay"
> we spent the rest of the day playing poker, betting cigerettes. i
was
 supossed to be quitting for spot, but when ever i was
nervous i smoked. i
> guess thats how everyone knew something was wrong when they came
home and
 saw me sitting on my bed smoking my winnings.
> "heya pal" race said sitting next to me "anything wrong?"
 "no
nothing cept my whole life's about to fall apart" i said
sarcastically.
> "where's chugger?" i asked before he could question my response.

 "i'm right here" he said coming in with jack "hey raven look
what i got
> three new marbles" he came over and showed them to me, they were
dirty and
 scratched, hardly new, but to him they were worth all
the world.
> "your staying here tonight alright kiddo?" I said
 "but Raven i
was supposed to go to Les's..."
> "don't argue with me, i'm yer older sister"
 "but raven, hey
your smokin ravin, you never smoke unless somethings wrong,
> whats wrong?" bright kid he was.
 "nothing i just need to you
here tonight, we'll play poker, maybe les can
> come here" i said "how bout that dave?" i asked
 "that should
be fine" he said, "i'll go home and get him" he knew something
> was up, lucky for me they all trusted me enough to know i didn't
act like
 this for no reason.
> "alright" i said at the smiling Chugger 'why don't you go
downstairs with
 Kloppman and get your stuff ready?"

> "yup, sure raven" he said running down the stairs. <p>

"ok now what really gives?" Jack asked. i couldn't go through it all again,

> so dutchy told them the story, starting from the moment i saw my sister in
 the alley to the present. "well theres only one thing to do" he said once

> dutchy was done "we gotta find out if they really are back, and in the mean
 time we hafta keep you and chugger here"he made it all sound so simple. "and

> if they are back?" i asked "what do you suggest we do, spend the rest of our
 lives in the lodging house?"

> "i dunno raven, i really dunno"

> i really hated it when jack sounded unsure, cause if he didn't know what to
 do, then i could just figure i was doomed. but i kept up a brave front for

> Chugger, and we had fun, playing poker until dawn. some of the guys stayed
 in too, to keep us company i guess, maybe to protect us. either way i

> didn't object to having Spot near me. well near me may have been putting
 it nicely, more like practicaly sitting on my lap. he didn't let me out of

> his sight, and it got to the point that i had to say something. "spot, i
 really don't think frank's hiding behind the couch, besides chuggers

> starting to notice" spot was one for tough love, not sugar coating things,
 so i wasn't surprised with his response. "Raven your going to have to

> tell him, he's not going to sit here all day tomorrow without a reason, stop
 trying to be a wise ass, pretending like everythings ok" you had to love

> him. "who're you calling a wise ass buster?" i screeched throwing a pillow
 at him, he sat up laughing throwing it back at me, missing me by inches and

> hitting Race on the back of the head. "oh dats it" he yelled "pillow
 fight!!!"

> i had fun that night, and it stayed with me, even when things really took a
 turn for the worse, even if i did forget for awhile it always came back.

i told chugger the next morning, he wasn't too happy, but who would be? so

> we stayed there all day, aimlessly playing cards till the kid had all my
 money. i couldn't concentrate anyway. we stayed there for the next two

> days after that. each day someone would bring us lunch from Tibby's staying
 awhile to talk and tell us what the headline was like. i just wanted to go

> outside. chugger i was sure felt the same. each day we sat up there
 amongst all the bunks, playing cards or shooting marbles with Kloppman

> downstairs gaurding the door. <p>

on our third day in captivity, i was memorizing the way the tiles were

> arranged on the celing when spot came bursting in happy from what i assumed
 was a good selling day. he kissed me setting our lunches down, then

> proceeded to tell us what a great headline they got.
 "some wife is suspected for shooting her husband" he said gleefully shoving
> a paper under my face. i choked on the coffee i was drinking, then gasping
 for breath i grabbed the paper staring at the picture on front. chugger
> looked over my shoulder "raven...isn't that...?"
 "mom" i finished.

an hour later the newsies were there, watching pack my stuff. "raven what
> are you doing?" dutchy asked "have you thought about this?"
 "listen dutchy i gotta go back...i have to, my mom, shes weak she can't
> handle this,...she needs me" i looked down at the shirt i was folding. and
 placed it carefully in the bag i had brought with me in the first place.
> "raven please" spot said "don't be dumb" "i'm not being dumb spot i'm doing
 what i gotta do"
> 'then i'm going with you" that was chugger, i wished i had the strength to
 get mad, to shake him and demand he wasn't going, but i didn't so i just
> said "no, your not, your staying here"
 "just stay over night and think about it" jack said. i agreed knowing i
> would leave as soon as they were asleep. <p>

i walked to place where i used to live, i couldn't call it home because it
> never was, it was just a place i stayed, and experienced nightmares far
 worse then the ones you dream. but i went back anyway trying to console
> myself by saying at least it was by free will this time. i approached the
 yard and saw a big for sale sign. of course, they moved, why would they buy
> back the same house. well now i felt stupid, so i sat on the steps and
 stared. the city was big they could be anywhere. 'well i tried my best" i
> mumbled glad for an excuse to go back home, for the lodging house was my
 home. it just wasn't my destiny, cause just my luck a man walking down the
> street saw me, and stopped to share what he knew. "you lookin for the
 springs? they live cross town now, on Mcguin street," well thank you so
> much, i thought sarcastically. why oh why did have have to get a
 conscience. it was dutchy's fault i decided. but then felt bad, he was
> still my best friend no matter what. so i thanked the man and walked towards
 the ill fated mcguin street. i knew my mother wasn't there, the article
> said she was in the city jail awaiting trial that could take months, but our
 aunt eliza would be, i approached a row of shabby apartment buildings and
> began at the begining reading the names on the mail slots. when i found
 Spring i walked in and trudged up the 5 flights of stairs. the door was
> locked, didn't surprise me, nothing these days did, so i sat outside the
 door and finally i slept.

"Melody is that you?" my aunt asked scrutinizing me with distaste.

> melody, the name brought back memories i'd forgotten.
 "yes
it's me, i thought you might need some help" that had to have been
the
> hardest thing i've ever done. i didn't go back into being melody
very
 easily. it took me a full month after that day that my aunt
dragged me
> inside, to get used to people calling me that. i was generally
called the
 ungrateful slob though, whatever i did wasn't enough,
not for any of them.
> i took on the full weight of the household. everyday thinking of
spot and
 the newsies, and chugger, chugger who i proclaimed
dead. i told them that
> he was jumped and died, i didn't want my bitch of aunt to drag him
into this
 shit hole. so i kept up the story, did the house work,
and turned back into
> melody spring. <p>

Until the day came that the newsies got another good headline,
"murder
> suspect gets let off on act of self defense" my mother came home,
sent aunt
 eliza away, and got better. she rested and once she
was gone she set me
> free. said she knew i had somewhere to be. where it was i had no
idea, the
 five months i spent in that house totally brought me
in a 360. a full
> circle, i'd forgotten freedom, and i'd forgotten the newsies. a day
later
 with my mother leading them the newsies trooped into the
apartment "Raven?"
> spot asked quietly i didn't look like the person he had asked to be
his
 goil, i was thin from not eating and tired, and worst of all
i was melody.
> i stood there in shock as memories invaded my brain, taking it over
till i
 broke and ran into his arms. i *was* raven, i wasn't
melody, i wasn't some
> abused lost girl, i was me. and i was never happier. "go" my mom
said
 "leave, you don't belong here" she hugged me and let me go.
"i only wish
> Johnny were ok" she said longfully. i looked at chugger through the
crowd
 of newsies and nodded he came forth and said 'i am, but
i'm a newsie now
> mom, i've got friends" and she hugged him and let us both go. she
stood
 there at the door watching us leave our past behind for a
second time. then
> she turned and closed the door, shutting in the memories. <p>

"i'm glad your back Raven" spot said "i was so worried, we couldn't
find
> you, we thought you were...were dead" i looked at him staring him
in the
 eyes. "i'm sorry spot, i really am, but it's all over
now" "yeah, it is. i
> guess you did a 360 and then some"
 "and it brought me right
where i wanted to be"
> *****THE
END*****

End
file.